Our seruants, and our Tenants taking parts,
Many on both sides hurt: and for an houre
The broile by no meanes could be pacified,
Vntill the Iudges rising from the bench,
Were in their persons forc'd to part the fray.
Cob. I hope no man was violently slaine.
Po. Faith none I trust, but the Lord *Herberts* selfe,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.
Cob. I am sorry my good Lord of these ill newes.
Po, This is the cause that driues me into Kent,
To shrowd my selfe with you so good a friend,
Vntill I heare how things do speede at home.
Cob. Your Lordship is most welcome vnto Cobham:
But I am very sory my good Lord,
My name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I haue many enemies,
That threaten malice, and do lye in waite
To take aduantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,
And keepe your selfe heere secret in my house,
Vntill we heare how the Lord *Herbert* speeds:

Enter Harpoole.

Heere come's my man: sirra, what newes?
Harp. Yonders one M. *Butler* of the priuie Chamber, is sent vnto you from the King.
Po. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, & the king hearing whether I am gone, hath sent for me.
Cob. Comfort your selfe, my Lord, I warrant you.
Har. Fellow, what ayls thee? dost thou quake? dost thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?
Cob. Peace you old foole: Sirra conuey this Gentleman in the bhcke way, and bring the other into the walke.
Har. Come sir, y'are welcome, if you loue my Lord.
Po. Gramercy gentle friend. *Exeunt*
Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long before

I heard of something from the K

Enter Harpoole wi

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord w
Ile haue your men into the selle
Cob. Welcome good M. *Bu*
But. Thankes my good Lo
mend his loue vnto your Lord
vnto the Court.
Cob. God blesse his Highnes
hope his Maiesty is well.
But. In health, my Lord.
Cobham. God long continu
though you were not well, wh
But. Faith I haue had a fooli
gers mee: comming ouer Sho
me like a Sailor, and askt me n
horse to draw my purse, hee
banke, & leapes behind me, w
a sodaine ierke, I know not h
out of my saddle; I neuer wa
Cob. I am very sory sir for y
our warrant forth, to stay su
found, then M. *Butler* weel a
But. I humbly thanke your

Enter the

Sum. I haue the law to war
Lord Cobham be a noblema
I dare serue a processe were
Sumners make sometimes a
ty wench, a Sumner must no
may be content to hide his e
fit. Wel, this is Lord Cobha
him, Ile clap my citation vp
chester bad me; but me thi

Enter

Har. Welcome good fel

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